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Canada's little problems

Canada woke up, practically jumping out of his bed, the alarm has gone off while he was still in deep slumber. He looked at the time.

11:30

He sighed, he was going to be late for the monthly country meeting. He was usually never late and would normally sprint to be there on time, but this time, he couldn't care less. He got out of bed and went to get ready. He left his room and noticed that that house was dead silent. The others had left already. He sighed again and it echoed through the hallway. He entered the bathroom, took a nice long warm shower, brushed his teeth and headed back to his room to get dressed. Instead of his usual pastel coloured clothing, he decided to wear his old oversized light grey turtleneck with a black hood and black leggings. Canada decided that he wasn't in the mood to put his contacts, so he stuck with his big round glasses, he looked at his reflection and was a little taken back with what he saw. He looked like America in his emo/nerd phase. He knew that his outfit (minus the glasses) would attract a lot of unwanted attention, but it matched with his mood, so he just shrugged it off. He went downstairs and decided to skip breakfast and put his light grey sneakers and headed outside. He looked at the time.

12:30

He was now an hour late. Canada shoved his phone in his pocket and walked. On a normal day he would have taken a bus or called a taxi, but today he felt like walking. He arrived at the conference room about 30 minutes later, before entering he pulled up his hood. The room fell silent as he came in. He could feel at the gazes on him and he felt like barfing (thank his he didn't eat breakfast), he never liked being the centre of attention, and compared to want the other countries believed he liked being in his family's shadow.

"*America, is that you **Cheri***" he heard a voice say.

He knew that it was his mother, but he didn't react, he didn't talk, he wasn't talked for the past 3 days, so he knew that his throat would hurt. He shook his head and sat at a random place. He rested his head on the table, between his arms. And slowly but surely the loud chaos of the conference room began again. Then, a few minutes later, the door bursted open. Making some countries jump. Canada on the other, didn't even flinch. It was America. He and his family were used to it, but he shared a room with him, so he was more then used to it.

"*Hey, **Bros**, whatsapp, sorry for being late, hope you didn't miss me to much*" he screamed, snacking on his burger and his chips. He looked over at the slummed figure. America walked over, and yanked the hoodie off. Canada didn't even feel his older brother's presence until he felt a cold breeze. He pulled his head up and glared at his brother. Everyone else in the room couldn't believe their eyes. Canada, the usually calm, bright, innocent and happy country, was there, wearing dull clothes and glaring at his **older** brother.

"*Yo, bro you cool? 'Cause you looking kinda grey, no pun intended*"

Canada nodded his head and rolled his eyes.

"*Words bro, I wanna **hear** that you're okay*"

"*I'm fine, America*" Canada said, the cringing at his own voice, it felt as if someone forced acid down his throat, and it burned so much that he could feel his eyes starting to water, but quickly wiped his tears away. The others, including America were kinda shocked, Canada would always call people by their nickname, unless he was feeling pretty down. He looked at the time on his phone.

1:30

30 minutes left to go, he knew that for him, it would feel like a week. He felt someone was sitting next to him. He looked away from his phone and looked at his side. And saw the one person he wasn't to keen on seeing. **Russia**. He didn't have anything personal against Russia, but him and his brother never really got along (even though America obviously had a crush on Russia, he was too full of himself to admit it) , soooo, you get the idea.

"*Hey, CN, I know that you said you're alright and all, but your buddy Mexico over there, begged me to ask you again*"

Canada could feel his cheeks warm up, and quickly looked away, getting questioning looks good from Russia.

20 minutes left

He glanced over at Mexico, and their gazes met. They both quickly looked away, and payed attention to the meeting.

15 minutes left

Only fives minutes has passed, but for Canada, it felt like a hour, he groaned, maybe a bit to loudly.

"*Canada, could you shut up*" his other **older** brother, Australia said angrily. Canada stayed silent and just glared at the other, before looking away again.

"*Just ignore him, he's probably just preoccupied of how his compost system is working*" Canada heard his father United Kingdom, or UK for short, say.
It was silent for minute, when the other countries started laughing, he didn't pay to much attention, until he heard his mother, brother and Mexico start to laugh. That was the last straw, he got up violently, making the whole room silent again. He glared at everyone, and even if they would never admit it, glaring Canada may look like an angry kitten, but the aura he was emitting today, just made him look more... intimating ?

"*If you're all telling jokes, I suppose that the meeting is over, I'll be seeing my way out*" Canada snapped.
And maybe it wasn't the best idea in the book. He felt as if his lungs were burning and wanted to rip out his vocals cords out of his throat. He quickly left the room, bluntly ignoring the calls behind him, he could feel tears prickling at the corner of his eyes, and knew he could bursts out in tears any second from now. His house was too far, so he went the the closest house he could think of.

Ukraine's house

C.O.L

Ukraine had decided to skip the monthly country meeting, he actually woke up at about the same time his doorbell rang. He groaned, got out of bed, still wearing just his shorts and a sleeveless shirt. He opened the door and was surprised when a hooded figure lunged at him. The hooded person's hood fell off when their head hit Ukraine's chest.

"*CN!?*"

The said person didn't answer, just nodded their head, that was still in Ukraine's chest. Ukraine quickly closed the door and tried to calm down the agitated country. He was quite surprised to see Canada in this state. He already saw Canada whimpering, bit never full out sobbing. It broke his heart, tiny bit by tiny bit. He "dragged" Canada to the couch, and let the smaller rest thirst head on his chest. This went on for about 10 minutes. Until the sobs were reduce to small hiccups, and soon enough to little kitten like snores. He got free out of Canada's grip, laid his head on one of his bigger couch pillows and left, he knew that the boy hasn't been eating properly, for how light he was, so he prepared supper for two. A small smile found its way to Ukraine's face. He was slightly happy, even if it wasn't the best way to find out, that Canada trusted him.

*<**At the same moment**>*

"*What the hell DAD?!?*" America's voice resonated in the car, "*Who said it wasn't something actually serious, and we just **fucking** laughed it off*"

UK kept looking at the road, seemingly ignoring his son, but he could feel the guilt eating his up inside.

"*Perhaps, we will have to talk with him once we arrive home*" he finally answered, putting an end to the very short conversation.
A few minutes later, the arrived at their house, America opened the door himself and yelled very loudly.

"*Yo, CN, it's me, your best bro.*" He was met with dead silence. "*Aight, listen we're sorry, just come out of your room so we can talk*" but once again, nobody answered.

He went up the stair, three by three, and looked in every room, but Canada was nowhere to be found. America started to panic. While he may seem like the type the country that doesn't give a single fuck about whatever, he deeply cared for his family. He tried to call on his younger brother's phone, but was always met with voicemail. He, then, tried to remember if there was another country that didn't come today. A name came popping in his head. **Ukraine**. He quickly got his phone and texted the said country.

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America□□
Yo, Uki, have you seen CN, he ditched the meeting but he isn't home.

Ukraine✿
Yeah, he's at my place, he asleep for now, but a few minutes ago, he was bawling his eyes out, don't what you did but the boy seemed really upset, plus I'm pretty sure that he wasn't been eating properly these past few days, he was a light as a feather.

America□□
You better be telling me the damn truth, or we'll be having some slight issues.

Ukraine✿
Sure, I'll totally be lying if your brother's state of mind, as a joke. I was cooking supper, now it's done, I'll go wake up you li'l brother so he can eat a bit. And please, avoid texting me, the only person I get along with in your family is Canada, and he's here. Sooo, thanks for leaving me alone.
Bye

PS: My name is Ukraine, only my family or friends call me Uki, and as far as I'm concerned you're none of those.

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America groaned loudly, and shoved his phone in the back pocket of his jean. He couldn't believe what he just read. Canada?!? Bawling his eyes out?!? That just seemed like something out of a fairytale for him. He just couldn't wrap his head around the idea. Australia and New Zealand, the twins, came in, bursting in the room.

"*So, did you find him, he isn't anywhere here*" they both asked, simultaneously.

America nodded, ever so slightly.

"*He's at Ukraine's place*"

The two older boys nodded, still feeling slight worry for their baby brother, but shrugged it off. They left the room, leaving America alone again. America shoved his head in his pillow, and screamed loudly, thankfully, the pillow muffled his cries, so he was barely heard. He heard a little knock at the door, he knew that it was his mother, France, because the door was wide open, and she was the only one in the family (minus Canada) who actually knocked before entering.

"*What is it,* ***Ma***"

"*Your brothers told me where CN was, do you think that he'll come back tonight?!*" France asked

"*Don't know, don't care*" he answered, lying through his teeth. He did care, but he would never show it.

His mother sighed and left room. Leaving once again, America on his own. He glanced at the bed next to him, and sighed.

"*When are you gonna open up to me, you cried in front on Ukraine, but you can barely shed a tear in front of me*" he thought.

He took of his sunglasses, rested them on his night table, and closed his eyes, head in his pillow, he needed a small nap.

< ***With Ukraine and Canada*** *>*

"*CN, wake up*"

Canada opened his eyes and saw that he was in a unusual room he got up quickly, smacking his forehead with someone else. That someone being Ukraine. They both rubbed their head gently. And glanced at each other before laughing. Well, Ukraine laughed and Canada just gave his signature giggle.

"*Um... Sorry about that, Uki*" Canada apologized.

Ukraine didn't know why, but he felt his heart flutter when he heard Canada say his nickname. A smile crept on his face. He helped Canada up, but the shorter nearly fell again, so he decided to carry bridal style, which earned a small squeal from the other. Ukraine couldn't stop himself from chucking.

"*Geez CN, you should like a little kitty*" he said.

Canada pouted, oh so adorably, and shifted a bit out of position, which ended up having both in a cute yet embarrassing position. Canada's legs were wrapped around Ukraine's waist and his arms around the other's neck. One of Ukraine's arm were around the smaller's waist and the other was holding Canada's head on his shoulder. Ukraine could feel odd warmth coming from Canada's forehead, but shrugged it off, still slightly worried. It felt oddly right to the two, and they didn't know if it was alright to feel this way. Still in the same position, they headed towards the dining room. Ukraine sat Canada down.

"*So I won't hear any excuses from you, you'll be eating, point, blank*"

Canada just nodded his head, his throat still hurt from crying, giggling and talking earlier. Ukraine looked over at the smaller and knew that giving him a large, or "normal" amount of food wasn't the beast idea, so he gave his a very small portion. He had prepared some pancakes and had a small bottle of maple syrup in the table. He gave Canada a small portion and slid the syrup bottle towards him. Canada grabbed the bottle and added a reasonable amount of maple syrup on his pancakes. He dug in, and couldn't help himself from smiling, because it was really good. He tapped on the table, very gently to catch Ukraine's attention. When the other looked

over, Canada pointed at the pancakes, then the syrup, then his mouth and gave a small thumbs up.

"*So... You like it?*" The other asked carefully, to which Canada nodded. Ukraine thanked his, but obliged him to finish his meal, and thankfully, Canada did. When they were both done, Ukraine helped Canada back to the living room, they sat down on the couch, but Ukraine knew something was off with Canada's heat, so he left for a bit and came back with warm cover and an ice pack. He wrapped Canada up, and put the ice pack on Canada's forehead. Not even 10 minutes passed and Canada was fast asleep, so Ukraine brought him to him room and rested him there, he sat at the end of the bed to keep an eye on the smaller. He took his phone out and played with it waiting for the moment Canada would wake up.

BTW: C.O.L stands for : Crying Out Loud

Guilt With A Side Of Romance

America, France, United Kingdoms, Australia and New Zealand were eating supper in silence, which was very unusual for them. They occasionally glanced over at the empty seat at the table, where Canada would normally be sitting at. America left the table, without even finishing his meal, he ran upstairs and grabbed his phone.

_____

America □□
Yo, Russ, can you give me your li'l bro's address.

Russia□□
Yea... No

America□□
Dude, I really need to head to his place, I'll owe you one, just please help me this one time

Russia□□
Three free meals for a month, deal ?!?

America□□
Deal

Russia□□
His address is xx xxxx st, I'll meet you there, don't want him to take you for some type of creep

America □□
Yea see you there

_____

America chuckled. He got out of his room (that he shared with Canada), toon his black leather jacket and headed outside. The other members of the family didn't question it. They were quite

used to America leaving out of the blue. America walked all the way to Ukraine's house, and when he was near the house he spotted Russia. His heat rate quicken rapidly. He walked faster and arrived next to the taller.

"*Took you long enough, US*"

America blushed ever so slightly, and looked away. He nodded awkwardly. Which caused Russia to blush a little bit in his side.

"*Let's just get this over with*" America said, breaking the odd silence.

Russia knocked at the door, and waited for a bit. A few seconds later, the door opened and they were met with Ukraine.

"*If you're here for your brother, he's resting upstairs, he had a little bit of a fever*"

Russia and America looked at each other. Confused. They shrugged it off, and headed in the second floor. They opened all the doors (Well America did), and finally landed in Ukraine's room, where lied a sleeping Canada, snuggled in on tons off layers of blankets and an ice back on his forehead. America started heading in, but was pulled away by Russia.

"*We should let him rest, he's bound to go home at some point*"

America glared at the other, but knew he was right. He pulled away from his grip, but tripped over his own feet, and somehow landed underneath Russia, in a very compromising position. They stayed like for a bit, until they heard someone clear their throat. They looked up, it was Ukraine.

"*If you guys wouldn't mind, I'd like to keep my floor clean, thanks*"

The two other quickly got up, and promised to never speak of this ever again, they glared at Ukraine, who simply nodded, while he was trying not to bursts out laughing, and risking waking up Canada. They two left, and Ukraine managed to calm himself down. He went to check on Canada.'c and found him awake, running his eyes like a cat would. He couldn't stop himself from cooing at the sight in front of him. Canada really did act like a kitty cat.

"*You're feeling better*" he asked, whispering, to which Canada gladly nodded. He chuckled and asked Canada if he wanted to binged watch a K-Drama, to which Canada nodded again.

"*You know, you should talk a bit, or your throat is gonna hurt even more later on*"

Canada stared blankly at him, before nodding, then stopping himself.

"*I'll try, no promises though*"

"*That's good enough for me*"